

THE REPOSITORY.: A VILLAGE TALE.

ALMANZOR

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THE REPOSITORY.

"The wretch who robs sweet woman of her fame,
Debaseth manhood: is unfit to live,
But how much less while wasting it to die?"

A VILLAGE TALE.

Situated in a delightful hollow, surrounded on the east and west side by stupendous and lofty hills, lies a beautiful village, a few miles from this place. The traveller, on approaching this romantic place, is delighted with the surrounding objects that strike his sight. As far as the eye can reach, he beholds a charming country, interspersed with hills and valleys, with rising villages springing up on their summits, or located at their base, and with purling streams meandering through dark forests which stretch beyond, emptying into the small lakes which sparkle in little billows at a distance. The towering steeples of the churches in every direction, present their white spires above the tall trees, which the taste of the inhabitants have left to ornament these miniature inland cities, which are destined, perhaps, at some future period of the world, to be the abode of philosophers and statesmen, heroes and sages, and emporiums of wealth and commerce from the benefits of our artificial mediterranean sea, which winds its course through the country. Contentment seems to pervade the bosoms of the industrious and enterprising inhabitants around, and undisturbed by the bustle of larger places, uninterrupted tranquillity generally reigns. Through this romantic hollow, runs the great turnpike from Albany to Buffalo: the beautiful village alluded to, lines its sides through the valley, presenting the taste of architecture, from the rude log house to the splendid mansion.

It was in the summer of eighteen hundred and —, that a stranger came to reside in this village for a short time: his appearance was such that carried with it the character of one who had seen the world: his conversation denoted a mind stored with intelligence; accomplished in his manners, his carriage was easy: polite and affable to every one, whom chance threw in his way, his pleasing manner, together with insinuating address, soon attracted the notice of the young society in the vicinity. Limited, however, as society generally is, in such places, frequent balls and parties of the young people took place. It was at one of these pleasant meetings, that the beautiful and accomplished Eliza first beheld this stranger. His attention and flattering addresses, pleased and fascinated her. She was the pride of her parents, and an only daughter on whom they lavished every expense which a boarding school education required. She was truly the loveliest of the fair, and one on whom nature had bestowed with art every thing that is calculated to adorn a female. An only brother, whose pride was wound up with that of his sister's welfare, at this period was absent; and she had no protector, or keen observer of the wolf in sheep's clothing, who with an eagle eye was watching his unsuspecting sister. Her frequent interviews with the stranger at balls and parties, and his attention bestowed on her, led to repeated calls at her father's house, where he was seemingly received by her parents in a friendly manner. Being of a lively turn, his company was particularly agreeable to her, and in a short time acquaintance ripened into a more tender feeling. Aware, however, of difficulty in gaining her parents' consent in marriage, the stranger had palmed himself upon them and the public as a gentleman of fortune and respectability, whose connexions lived in New-England, and was daily in expectation of receiving remittances from them. By all the arts which a consummate villain could invent, he ingratiated himself as much as possible into the good graces of the parents, until at length he determined on making an application for uniting

with their daughter. He had previously, however, obtained from the fair Eliza her consent, and flattered himself that his prize was secure. His application, however, was refused, and the villain's plans frustrated. Stung with resentment, he now left the place, and took his residence in another country, where secretly a correspondence was kept up between her and himself; and through the agency of some friend, whom his consummate art had duped, an arrangement was made for her to elope from her parents and be united. Accordingly he made his appearance, and took her from her dwelling at midnight, to a neighbouring village, where they were joined in the holy bands of wedlock. The next morning her parents finding that she was missing, immediately took measures to pursue, and if possible, prevent what they too truly imagined would be the result. They were found, and she was entreated to return home; but she totally refused unless her husband was allowed to accompany her. This was objected to, and with tears they bid her adieu. She accompanied her husband to a neighbouring country, placing implicit reliance on his honour. But alas! she was yet to learn the true character of the man she had thus rashly connected herself with.

Her brother, who had been absent, returned about this time, and was made acquainted with the circumstances of her elopement. Rage and indignation filled his bosom; and he trembled for the fate of his sister. He denounced vengeance against the villain who had by intrigue seduced her from the bosom of her parents; and regretted that she, whom he so tenderly loved, should so far deviate from the strict rules of propriety, as to consent to a clandestine marriage with a person whom no one knew. Inquiries were immediately set on foot, to ascertain his true character; when it was soon found that he was a married man, with a wife living in the Southern states. Measures were taken to apprehend him, but he eluded his pursuers and fled to Canada, leaving her whom he had so solemnly pledged to protect and support, to mourn the seducing wife of the villain man. Abandoned by her husband, she returned to that home, which but a few weeks before, at the dead hours of the night, she had forsaken, with high expectations of enjoying happiness with the man of her choice.

The whole village sensibly felt for this interesting fair one, who had by one inconsiderate act, overstepped the bounds of reason, and planted a thorn in her breast, which the lapse of time could not remove. By the hand of a wretch made miserable, her tears were unable to wash away the blot, which in the eyes of the world sullied her character; otherwise in every respect bright and untarnished.

This drooping flower of the village, on her prospects in life being blighted by a wretch, who had thus deceived her, declined gradually, until she sunk into the grave, a victim of inconsideration and rashness in forsaking her parents, whose aching hearts and mournful looks evinced the anguish of their feelings, on beholding their hopes and expectations crushed by the conduct of her they had so fondly loved, nourished, and cherished. Her despicable deceiver has as yet escaped the merited punishment of so infamous an act. But the justice of heaven must sooner or later overtake such a murderer, worse than the midnight assassin, or the bold and daring desperado. ALMANZOR.

THE TREASURY.: BACHELOR'S BLUNDERS.

Pinch, Belinda

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behaviour. One came to see me seven months constantly, and said nothing about love. I concluded not to wait upon him any longer, though I had no real objection to him, I dismissed him. Another offered himself, hand, and heart; after an acquaintance of three weeks, I told him to go about his business, he had neither common prudence nor common judgment. And a third, was forever telling me how many conquests he had made. I told him, at last, that I had a sufficiency of his company, and desired him to be particular in his future narrations to others that my heart was not among the number of those who had fallen victims to his seductive powers.

To pass over at least as many affairs as your correspondent does, in which all the variety of beaux, from the starched and mincing dandy of the holiday ball-room, to the solemn and tongueless, and half-shaved dudgeon of the farm-house, I come to an adventure of no common occurrence. I was engaged to be married to a young merchant—my wedding-clothes were ready; he was a gentleman who set a high value on his taste: he wanted me to wear a blue sash—I preferred a white one; he got in a pet about it, and I concluded I had at last got sight of the cloven foot. I proposed that instead of pumps he should wear boots; he did not like the interference. Surely, I thought, it's a bad rule that don't work both ways. I put off the time—took a second thought about the matter, and—broke off the match. A man that sets himself up as lord at the threshold, will be a tyrant in the house. I never blamed myself for the step.

Once I listened to a fog of a fellow, who wore ruffles, and a fine blue broad-cloth coat; he said much where he should have talked but little. I let him off.

Another used to come to my father's, with his dog and gun; they wanted me to listen to him, but I told them that one who bestowed so large a portion of his affections on dogs, had not enough left for a wife, and I rejected him.

A third suitor was in the habit of swearing—politely to be sure; I could not but think that such a one had no business to be a father. He got his walking-papers.

In fine, with a tolerable fortune, and some beauty, through inability to find one tolerably unobjectionable man for a husband, I remain in single life. Happy in the recollection, that if to be single, is to err, my error grew out of misfortune.

Hoping that all who are worthy, may, in the exercise of all due prudence, fare better, I remain your constant reader.

BELINDA PINCH.

THE TREASURY.

If with the chaff some grain of wheat you gain,
Our well-meant labours have not been in vain.

BACHELOR'S BLUNDERS.

I will not venture to assert like your friend Timothy H——, Messrs. Printers, that I have been always in the right. On the contrary, I do not believe there is a single bit of infallibility about me. I have aimed, through a life of no inconsiderable length, and marked by not a few vicissitudes, to do the best I could for myself and others, and I have failed; the error has been of the head, and not the heart. It can scarcely be called a singularity, not to have been married; at all events, in that respect, I am like Timothy.

My looking-glass tells me, as far as I am able to judge, I possess a good regular set of features, a moderately delicate form, and my mother used to say, I had quite as much wit as any of the Pinch family; all these matters I have kept as articles of most religious faith, and in reviewing my past life, in their light, I can never bring myself to allow that any thing but my own individual fat and sober agency of my judgment, has caused the final issue of all my social tilts with the gentlemen, who for number, equal those which the oldest bachelor in the country can boast of.

In our town of Harrowich, we had a fashion, when I was a girl, of courting by moonlight, to the sound of jingling sleigh-bells, and behind a pair of spirited bays. I loved a sprightly jockey of a little fellow once, but he spoiled all by driving me to the cross-roads one evening, with the horses all the way on the gallop, something whispered in my ear a couplet of the old ballad,

"A man that drives his horses hard,
May chance to drive his wife."

I was "not at home" the next time he called, and as he saw me at the window, he took the hint.

I chose never to keep a man in suspense an hour after I had determined not to have him for a husband, if he offered himself. I made my calculations according to my own ideas of propriety in their general

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

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thinks, the present generation deserves an unenviable share of "blushing honours."

It is not very likely I shall have much cash to give with my daughters; and, in fact, I don't want any to give. God grant they may have good sense, a wholesome appearance, unsuspected virtue, affectionate hearts, industrious habits, and then—why, if nobody wants to marry them, they shall help to comfort me in my old age, and help to bear up my spirit when about to "return to Him who gave it."

I am an old fashioned fellow, it is true; but I recollect, when I got married, I made no account of money; and if I was going to marry again, I would look for a poor girl rather than a rich one. If I have a wife, a good one is essential to my happiness; and riches are not. The Athenian general was right: "I had rather marry my daughter to a man, without an estate, than to an *estate* without the *man*."

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

There is one apology in the increasing extravagance of the modern fair, for the ridiculous rage that exists among the gentlemen, after rich sweethearts; and maidens have a not less tenable excuse for making sure of a full purse, since an empty head is very likely to accompany it.

The really prudent and somewhat home-bred man, feels obliged to relinquish the idea of marriage, altogether, or defer it to a late period, because it is justly considered a hazardous adventure to marry, on the score of supporting the expenses of modern living.— But this idea shall have a separate chapter.

The first inquiry that our young men make now, when a woman is proposed for a wife is, Is she rich? And for variety, or a salvo, Is she handsome? Let a husband die and leave a rich widow; or a rich heiress drop into the market, Lord bless us! how the beaux scamper,

"Hound-like,
In full cry to catch her!"

If there is any shame in this state of things, if sacrificing feelings, that should have their source in the most generous and elevated considerations to "beauty and booty," is worthy of abhorrence; then, me-

THE CABINET.: CLAUDIUS AND ROSALIE. A TALE OF TRUTH.

George

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THE CABINET.

"Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished that little idle bird wings,
And we, within its fairy bower,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might love, live, die, alone."

CLAUDIUS AND ROSALIE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"WOMEN! they are the strangest creations of our Maker! The fairest bird that wings its way through the air, may display its radiant plumage to the eye, but it has not the magic of woman. The music of our sphere is sweet, still the combined efforts of the band breathe no sound half so enchanting as the voice of woman. The balmy breeze of heaven may soften the feelings of man, or the loud storm may awe him into silence, but woman has such fascination that her smile can pour more rich pleasure upon his soul than the brightest beauties of summer, and her frown can become more terrible to him than the darkest tempest!—The enthusiastic youth feels his spirit charmed, the experienced man turns from the cares of his daily occupation, to revel in the sunshine of her eye, and old age forgets his sorrow as she flings her roses over his rugged path."

Such were the reflections of Claudio as he wandered in pensive silence over the bridge of Fort Clinton.

He was one of those beings whose hearts seemed formed for sincere affection. He had nourished in his bosom the very spirit of poetry. He had lived among the fairy creations of fancy: he possessed not that cold prudence, the result of a too severe scrutiny into human nature, which serves but to moderate the warmth of our better feelings: but he saw the world; its rugged truths made soft, and its beauties more beautiful, by the light snowy cloud that hope and youth had wreathed around his soul.

He had been long intimate with the fair Rosalie; her playful innocence and native beauty, soon made a deep impression on his heart; he would gaze for hours on her smile, while delight and admiration clung to every pulse of his bosom; his feelings soon softened into friendship, and then brightened into love.

She was indeed the being calculated to win his affection. Her beauty was of that laughing kind that gladdens the beholder; ringlets of the richest brown lay in their silken luxuriance upon her snowy neck, as if vieing for preference in colour and shape; an eye, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," that sparkled out its intelligence upon every one around; a cheek, blending the colour of the rose leaf with that of the lily; and a coral lip, "half concealing, half revealing ivory," whose very silence was most eloquent. Besides the graces of her face and form, there was that manner, that indescribable something, breathing its magic through every movement, and throwing its witchery over every turn. She would playfully fling back the glossy ringlets from her brow, with an air that we could feel but never describe. Charming as she was, we cannot marvel that he loved her with true devotion. His young and ardent spirit revelled in the still deep luxury of his passion, and the voice of Rosalie was the sweetest music to his ear.

His affection was not of the common kind: he had not the talent to speak it. He could not lisp his love: it was strong, and deep, but silent. She might have read it in his eye—she might have caught it from his lip, that trembled as he addressed her, and she might have seen it burn on his glowing cheek; yet strange she did not. His eye poured forth the whole rich store

of affection, and yet she observed it not. His lip trembled in neglected silence, and the ten thousand actions of a lover, drew not a single word expressive of more than friendship from her mouth.

Sometimes indeed he was betrayed into hope; sometimes he thought her blue eye spoke the blest return of affection; but, alas, it was but a passing expression; it was but a natural glance—she turned the same on her maid—on all. What could he do? he shrank from a disclosure of his passion—he felt, but could not speak his love.

Rosalie had many admirers—who could display their upstart affection in all the glowing colours of eloquence, and Claudio wept in secret over the kind welcome with which they were all received; he had nothing to complain of himself, for she treated him with equal kindness, but he looked for some little token of affection, some gentler word, some smile of more sweetness, and some look of more tender magic than were bestowed upon the rest, but no, the same equal and heedless compliments were profusely granted to all, and each had to boast of the common friendship of the fair Rosalie.

One summer morning he left his house to invite her to walk with him. Pleased with the opportunity of conversing with the object of his thoughts, he arrived at the door of her dwelling in that happy state of mind with which we are blessed by the power of hope.

As he rung the bell, the door opened, and Rosalie met his view, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, to whom she had been introduced but a few hours, and seemingly delighted in his company. A "good morning" broke from her laughing lips, as she hung familiarly on the arm of her companion, and the heart of Claudio beat with emotion as they walked away, and he heard her voice, joining in easy conversation with that of the gentleman. There was something in the sight that cut him to the quick, and disappointed and sad, he returned to his home.

He had long ruminated on the practicability of going to sea. His early inclinations favoured the idea. He believed he was not adapted for the dullness of his former life, and he longed to give free scope to his imagination, on the broad bosom of the ocean. The indifference of Rosalie to his faithful affection, determined him to fly from her for ever.

Against the wish and advice of his numerous friends, he obtained a situation before the mast in one of the ships that sailed for England. For several weeks before his departure, he avoided Rosalie, and even entered the vessel that was to bear him from his home, without having said a farewell to the girl he loved. The ship anchored at the Hook, and a steam-boat was to bring the passengers on board. He watched the blue shores of his native land, and with the strange wayward disposition of a youthful fancy, he thought he would have given worlds to have been freed from his contract with the captain; he would have been willing to have endured all the torturing indifference of Rosalie, for the melancholy pleasure of gazing upon her, and drinking in the silver sounds of her sweet voice, that charmed without relieving him; but he had expressed his wish to go, and his eyes moistened as he confirmed his resolution to see her no more.

The noise of the splashing steam-boat soon disturbed his meditation. He looked upon it as it moved steadily and swiftly towards him, like some mighty animal cutting the curling waters. Nearer and yet more near, it came. The crowd stood on deck: he could distinguish friends whom he had loved, smiling in their happiness, and he gazed upon the forms of his fair countrywomen, with the sad reflection that he beheld them for the last time.

The passengers were on board—he heard their parting salutations—his heart was full, and he gladly turned to occupy himself in a distant part of the deck. A

few moments passed, and the renewed splash of the steam-boat announced its departure. The acclamations of the crowd rung upon the air, and was loudly answered by those on board. Claudio attempted to mingle his voice in the fervent farewell—with his brother sailors he lifted his hat in the air, but the shout died on his trembling lip, and he bent down his head and wept. It was but for a moment—he raised his eye, and his emotion subsided; a settled frown darkened his brow, yet he strung every nerve to be calm.

The wind was fair—the sails were hoisted—the huge vessel began to move through the waters—proudly she rode the swelling waves, and was soon heaving and tossing on the boundless ocean, while the land of his hopes and affections, hung like a light thin cloud in the distant horizon.

Days passed away.—Claudio, perfectly recovered from a slight sickness, was pursuing his new occupation, when he overheard the information that the ladies who had been confined to the cabin, were coming upon deck.

It was a summer afternoon.—The sun, in melancholy grandeur was sinking to rest—the sea was calm, as the noble vessel glided with regular motion over the glassy waves—the air was still—a huge pile of clouds, that like islands of snow, had long since floated on the air, now rested in silent splendour, brightened with the golden glory of the setting sun. The porpoises rolled around, the dolphin was seen playing on the surface, while the hungry shark sometimes darted eagerly through the waves, watching for its prey.

The richness of the scene infused itself into the feelings of Claudio, and he ventured to think of the being he most loved. His meditations were disturbed by the bustle of the passengers. A manly voice, that seemed familiar to him met his ear, and in return, the soft mellow tones that thrilled through every fibre of his frame. He looked, and he beheld his beloved Rosalie! The being he believed so far away, stood in all her maiden beauty before him!

The enthusiastic and faithful lover, who, in a moment of cruel disappointment, has left his mistress, after having mourned her as lost, and wept in secret over the stern certainty that he shall see her no more, beholds her angel form, rising like some fairy vision to his view, let such a being thrill every bosom with his description, we dare not attempt it; suffice it to say, he gazed a moment in mute rapture, then turned agitated and almost breathless away.

The crowned king, when first he feels the golden emblem of royalty in his hand, and beholds his kneeling subjects obedient at his feet, does not experience the glow of perfect happiness, that mantled the fine cheek of Claudio. The trembling wretch, who pale and hopeless, is bound to the faggot that is already blazing the signal of his destruction, and hears the voice of mercy bidding him be free, knows it not.

He turned to hide his emotion; to resist the tumultuous stream of pleasure that almost bent him to the earth.—Unobserved he looked again—her eye spoke returning health, her lip wore the same blessed smile that had haunted him in his waking moments, and risen up with all its magic to cheer the darkness of his dream—he gazed at her, but she saw him not.

Many were the remarks his shipmates made upon the sunshine that illuminated the young sailor—he shook one by the hand with a strength that made him scream—he slapped another on the back with a force that had near felled him to the deck—his vivacity broke out with all its spirit.—Claudio was another creature.

For some reason he did not discover himself—he watched her unseen, and he was happy. The thoughts that they were near the land, sometimes sunk him in melancholy, but he dwelt not on it—he gave himself up to the pleasure of beholding her in silence.

It was late in the afternoon, when the man at the

mast-head called "land!" Every heart bounded with rapture, except Claudio's—it was the sound he least wished to hear—it compelled him to think of his parting, and his dream was broken. Oh that some kind wind would retard their voyage; but no, the breeze filled the white sail, which bore them swiftly to the shore.

All crowded to the boat.—Rosalie was preparing to descend. She had not yet seen Claudio. His ear had not yet been blessed with one syllable of recognition; he saw her in the act of leaving him perhaps for ever! In the agony of the moment he uttered her dear name, but it was spoken in a tone so tender, that it appeared to her to breathe the whole deep affection of one she believed to be far, far away.

There was something so unexpected in it, that it seemed as if the guardian spirit of Claudio was hovering near her—she startled—and fell!

The passengers were thrown into immediate confusion—the bustle ran like electricity through the crowd—the rapid current bore her away—she was near ten yards from the ship before they had recovered. Some caught a rope, others pressed forward to reach an arm, but a large shark, gliding like lightning towards the sinking girl, frightened the spectators into inaction—all but Claudio.—With a shout of wild desperation he leaped into the flood, and darted through the water. Hope and love gave him the vigour of a giant. The waves parted before his mighty arm. With one hand he seized the tresses that floated on the billows, then turning with rapidity, he put forth his arm to the ravenous monster of the deep.—A boat shot from the ship. Bleeding and faint, he held the girl he had saved, and as the ready hand of the sailor reached her, he sank exhausted, amidst the loud shriek of Rosalie, who knew him as he fell beneath the wave! His headless and mangled trunk was the next moment seen upon the surface—one single instant it lingered, and then disappeared!

GEORGE.

CROSSING THE LINE.

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doctor was equipped in high style ; a cocked hat, and long *queue* made of cow tail, an old black coat, powdered with flour round the shoulders, black gloves, a wooden baton as a cane, with rope-yarn for a riband, and a shaving-box filled with pills made of tallow and flour ; the trowsers and hats were made of painted sail cloth. The barber was a conspicuous figure, being the tallest man in the ship ; he had three razors, the largest being about sixteen or eighteen inches long, having teeth like a saw, one-fourth of an inch deep, made of an old hoop. I went voluntarily and submitted to Neptune ; he put a little thin tar on my chin, which he did not scrape off with the razor, (as is commonly said) pinched my nose a little in giving me a snell of his scent bottle, then threw a pail of water on me, and dismissed me. The rough side of the razors were for those seamen who were obstreperous, or who were inattentive to their duty on the voyage. This ceremony lasted from half past nine till half past eleven."

CROSSING THE LINE.

The following account of a ceremony performed by the sailors on crossing the line, is extracted from a letter published in a late British paper, and will amuse some of our readers. It appears to have happened on board of a ship strongly manned :

" We got into the south-east trade-wind on Sunday, in 1 deg. 20 min. ; and, as we expected to cross the line on Monday, Neptune came alongside on Sunday night, at eight o'clock, to make inquiry about coming on board, that those who had not crossed the line before might be introduced. The following will give you some idea of the ceremony. A tar barrel is filled with wood, coals, &c. and, being lighted at the forecastle, is set afloat to leeward, which, on passing the gangway, is hailed by the chief mate, and Neptune replies. The barrel was seen burning all the way to the horizon, a distance of about six miles. The blazing barrel on the water had a very picturesque effect. Next day Neptune came on board, with about forty attendants, all dressed in the most fantastic manner. They came from behind a screen at the forecastle ; Mr., Mrs., and Master Neptune being in a car drawn by ten or twelve sea-horses, driven by a coachman, a postillion behind, with a barber, doctor, their assistants, &c. The car was covered with two flags. The

DOMESTIC SKETCH.

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son, he soon heard the intelligence which he-dreaded to hear,

He wrote to him requiring him to resign his commission, and immediately return to his paternal roof, as the only condition on which his errors would be pardoned. This letter had the effect of bringing him to a sense of his misconduct—but reflection to him was madness; to other vices he added that of frequent intoxication—and in one of his paroxysms of inebriety, for a fancied insult, he raised his hand against a superior officer. The consequence was, that he was arrested, tried by a court martial, and broke.

Fearing to encounter the reproaches of a justly incensed parent, and witness the poignant anguish of his Almira, whom he still felt dear to his heart, he madly determined on rushing, unprepared, into the presence of an offended Deity. He wrote a few lines to his father, acquainting him of his purpose, imploring that he would not curse his memory, and requesting his adoption of Almira as his daughter.—

The fatal deed was done!—and he, who but a few months before, was in the bloom of life and health—the pride of his family and friends—the beloved object of an amiable woman—was now a cold and inanimate corpse, weltering in his blood, shed by his own hand! —

Reader—mark the sequel:—The father of George L. borne down by affliction, is fast descending to the grave!—Almira is the tenant of an asylum for the insane, and unconsciously fading away from the earth.

My pen is silent—let imagination paint the rest.

DOMESTIC SKETCH.

The licentiousness of a camp has long been proverbial—and that man must have, generally speaking, a more than ordinary share of resolution, who can successfully combat with the various temptations there held out to the young and unwary. The high spirited youth, influenced by a false shame, plunges into the most reprehensible excesses, rather than become the ridicule of his comrades. Such was the case of George L——. His soul revolted at first from those practices which debase human nature—but hurried on to vice by his associates, he would not allow himself reflection.

He now became a professed gamester—and as his love of play increased, his love of virtue diminished. He became the dupe of sharpers—and as debts of honour must always be discharged, he was obliged to call on his father for a large amount. His demands at length became so frequent that his indulgent parent became alarmed, and refused a further supply. From a friend who resided in the vicinity of the camp, and who he requested to watch over the conduct of his

AMERICAN TALES.

The following tale is one of those presented for the prizes so long offered in the Mirror, and is one that cannot fail to amuse our readers.

EDWARD AND ISABELLA.

In the summer of 1820 two travellers arrived at Solothur, the capital town of the canton of Soleur, in Switzerland.

The youngest was elegant, accomplished, and almost fascinating in his appearance, much given to levity and youthful pleasure, in which he heedlessly participated; while his companion, on the contrary, was reserved in his manners, and almost repulsive. He was often observed to visit an humble dwelling romantically situated on the banks of the Aar, and was sometimes seen musing over an humble grave in a remote corner of one of the church-yards.

After a residence of several weeks they left Solothur together.

An American gentleman travelling through the same place shortly after, occupied the room which so recently tenanted the reserved stranger. Accident threw in his way the following half legible manuscript, and casting his eye over the scrawl, he perceived it was written in his own language, and apparently by one of his own countrymen.

No American, says the manuscript, can hereafter visit Switzerland without repairing to Solothur to muse over the grave of Kosciusko. His virtues are revered, and his misfortunes lamented by every lover of freedom; and while liberty is cherished, the memory of Kosciusko shall be immortal. For his generous services volunteered to establish the independence of my native land, I am truly grateful, and cannot but wish his had been a happier lot; and if I have feebly attempted to say something of him, and his early sorrows, believe it was well meant, and truth alone.

At the close of the campaign of 1781, when America was beginning to repose from her struggles, and look forward to a happy termination of her infant warfare, two soldiers, apparently officers, came riding down one of those long hills which can hardly be denominated mountains, that stretch their course along the western shores of the Connecticut.

As thou turned a sudden angle, the beautiful valley and that majestic river, with its "dark rolling waters," burst upon their view. Both simultaneously checked their horses, and gazed upon the interesting prospect that lay before them.

"It is not two years," said the eldest, "since I paused upon this very spot with my two gallant sons, and bade yonder village farewell. Providence has permitted me to return, but my brave boys are no more." His voice faltered, and he silently wiped away the tear that moistened his eye.

They proceeded, and soon found themselves in a pleasant town, such as at the present day are peculiar to New-England, and which are sprinkled along the shores of the Connecticut. As they entered an elegant house beside the village church, they were met by a beautiful young female, and father and daughter were instantly locked in each others arms. Overcome by tender melancholy recollections, the interesting young creature sobbed aloud, and as the old man pressed her to his bosom he bowed his head and wept.

Isabella Tudor was of that age when the gay wanderings of childhood are yielding to the more tender affections of woman; when youth appears polished by the embellishments of wit and beauty, attracting the loveliness that interests the heart of man, and makes woman appear what she so truly is, the resting place of his hopes and his happiness. Fervent, fond, and romantic in her conceptions, her life had hitherto appeared an epitome of happiness, and if a cloud had

ever rested on her brow, it was soon dissipated by a smile. Though she, with others, lamented the sufferings of her country, and felt inspired by the same ennobling patriotism, she could not divest herself of the tender sensibilities of feminine affection. War had depopulated her house, and faded the rose from her cheek. Her father saw her pensive sorrow; he feared she might wither away, and deprive him of this last only tie that connected him to the world; and as he thought of it, he pressed her more fondly in his arms.

When the tumult of their feelings had in some measure subsided, Isabella blushed at the presence of the graceful young stranger. Her father hastened to introduce him as the preserver of his life, who, by his generous exertions had rescued him from imminent danger.

"Col. Tudor gives me merit," said he, bowing, "not my own; my efforts in his behalf were only those of a soldier."

Isabella said something of gratitude, due to the preserver of her father, but deeper blushed as she met his piercing eye.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was, at that time, about twenty-four years of age, tall and graceful in his person, with a countenance that openly testified generosity and manly worth. Inspired by the same exalted sentiment that drew a Fayette, a Pulaski, and many a lover of freedom from their debased and indolent home in Europe, this virtuous young man had heard the tocsin that sounded the cause of liberty across the Atlantic, and repaired to her standard. He was received with a brother's welcome, and in every grasp of the hand he experienced the pressure of gratitude and friendship.

He had accidentally been one of a detachment with which Col. Tudor was commanded to dislodge the enemy from a favourable position which they had taken; but their manoeuvre was unfortunate, and after an obstinate and bloody fight, numbers at length prevailed over valour, and the Americans were compelled to give way. While the rest were retreating, he noticed three individuals who disdained to fly. Suddenly two of them fell, and the other with desperation was endeavouring to defend the bodies of his slaughtered companions, when Kosciusko rushed forward to the assistance of the surviving warrior. He arrived in time to sink the arm of an uplifted Briton to the earth, and hurried the bleeding veteran from the field. It is hardly necessary to add, that the man thus timely rescued was the venerable Colonel Tudor, and that his two sons were the noble youths who so bravely fought and fell by his side.

The wounds which the patriot warrior received, though severe, were by him little heeded. "They are nothing, he would exclaim, to the one that is festering here. It was a cruel fight that robbed me of both my children; but there is one consolation that serves as an opiate, they died in a worthy cause; and had I twenty sons, rather than they should live as slaves, I would lead them to death or freedom."

When winter approached, and the soldiers were retiring to winter quarters, he asked leave to return home: it was granted, and Kosciusko obtained permission to accompany him.

In requesting the society of the youthful Polander, the worthy man was prompted by friendship, by gratitude, perhaps something more.

That evening, when they were seated around the pleasant fire-side of the benevolent Parson Ludlow, Kosciusko forgot the fatigues of the camp, and while conversing with the lovely Isabella, and pretty Maria Ludlow, he lost the stern features of the soldier.

At the time Colonel Tudor entered the army he closed his family mansion, and placed his daughter under the protection of the village pastor.

This good man, who had been her early instructor,

received her with parental fondness: he knew her worth: he remembered her father as his benefactor.

Kosciusko insensibly yielded his heart to the influence of love, and before he was aware of the extent of his passion, had imbibed hopes which he feared could never be realized.

Far from his native land, and the smiles of early friends, he found that life had new and hitherto unthought of charms. Though among strangers, he felt, that to have one who could look upon him with a friendly eye, and should he need, administer to him with the hand of kindness, would be sweet; and, O! would Isabella Tudor be that friend, it would be happiness indeed.

Isabella saw this rising flame with regret; she dared not encourage it; nor could she slight his little efforts to please her.

She saw Kosciusko amiable, accomplished, and handsome; and had not her heart been pre-engaged, had she not loved another, Thaddeus Kosciusko would not have loved in vain.

But there was one away, and she knew not where, who had twined his love round her heart, and fondled with her affections. Edward Ludlow, the son of her respected tutor, had been the playmate of her childhood; and as their years increased, infantile friendship assumed a more tender cast, and acquired a dearer name. The aspiring mind of Edward anticipated the day when he could lead Isabella to the altar; but doubts arose—he knew Colonel Tudor's lofty, independent mind, and would it stoop to consent that his daughter should wed the son of an unfortunate emigrant, whom his bounty had protected? alas! he feared not; but ambition pointed the road to distinction in the armies of his country. He soon after disappeared from his home, and in a letter addressed to Isabella, declared he would acquire a name worthy of her, or return no more. Three years had now passed and brought no tidings of him, but still she fed upon the hope that he would return—that she should again behold him, and be happy: but her hope was like the vapour of the valley, obscured in distance and uncertainties.

Kosciusko dreamed not of another, nor would he permit his inquiring heart to ask if there was a more favoured rival. The winter passed away in the consciousness of present enjoyment; and while in Isabella's presence, he had hardly thought of the future. But as spring approached, and the day of separation drew near, he felt that it would be a soothing, sweet delight, to know that his love met with a requital.

One day, when they were alone, he ventured, for the first time, to speak of love. It was a new theme, and he expressed himself with all the diffidence of a tender and devoted lover, who doubted if his love was returned.

Isabella was not less embarrassed; for though it was what she had long since known, the affectionate girl felt hurt that so noble a heart should be humbled with a repulse. A hundred times that winter had she wished he would declare his passion, that she might confide to him the situation of her heart. But now, when he had disclosed his love, her resolution fled—she hesitated ere she could reply, and then, without dissimulation, told him the "story of her love."

The manly soul of Kosciusko drooped not in her presence, but appeared the same, unaltered and undimmed; could any one, however, have searched his heart, they would have found sorrow and stifled grief feeding at its core.

It was but a few days after that he declared his intention of returning to his native country. Peace was likely soon to spread her mantle over America, and Poland had wrongs to be redressed.

Entreaties to detain him were useless, and having procured a discharge, he was in a few weeks ready!

depart. Unwilling to exhibit his own weakness, he requested Colonel Tudor to conceal the time of his going from the rest of his family; and as the ladies one evening withdrew, he bade them an emphatic good-night—'twas his last adieu. Then turning to the Colonel—"I must," said he, "in an hour leave you; it is now eleven, my servant is to be at the door with horses at twelve."

Colonel Tudor, much agitated, silently traversed the apartment for a few moments, but at length paused and seized Kosciusko's hand. "The circumstances, dear sir, in which we met, will ever retain your memory fresh in my mind. I cannot forget the loss I then sustained of two virtuous children, who, in many amiable qualities, resembled yourself. But they are dead, and I shall soon be with them. That prosperity may attend you wherever you go, is the earnest wish of my heart; but should misfortune assail you, come to America, and though I may be away, you can never want a friend."

"Worthy man," replied Kosciusko, "I can never forget your kindness. In every vicissitude of my life I shall gratefully remember your attention to me. I am unable to express my regret at parting from you and many others, and I feel it the more severe when I think that it is most probably an eternal separation. But duty calls, and I must go. I have that upon my mind which calls for vigorous and active exertion: it is not necessary at this time, nor would it interest you to disclose it; but should my name at some future day strike upon your ear, believe that my intentions were good, however they may appear to the world. Remember me to the ladies; tell them I will not—cannot forget them. God bless you!—farewell!"

The clock struck twelve as he spoke, and the sound of his horses' feet at the door warned him to depart. He pressed the old man's hand, and brushing the heavy drops from his eye-lids, mounted his horse and was soon out of sight. Colonel Tudor remained standing at the door as long as the sound of his horses' feet could be distinguished, and when they were lost in the distance, he turned with a heavy heart to his chamber.

We are compelled to leap a broad chasm of time ere our narration again commences. The years which immediately succeeded the revolution were devoted to the formation of free and liberal systems of government, and America was seen to emerge from a colonial and dependent state of vassalage, to be the most free and enlightened country on earth. Her existence was hailed with joy by the friends of civil freedom in every quarter of the globe, and many who had served under the immortal WASHINGTON, were called to act an important part in their own country. Fayette was placed at the head of the republican armies of France; and Poland, roused from her lethargy, called upon Kosciusko to defend her from Russian tyranny. That intrepid hero proved himself worthy the call, and could worth or valour have roused unhappy Poland from ruin. Kosciusko would have freed her from her invaders. But he was unfortunate in his endeavours, and little more than ten years had elapsed from the time he left America, ere Kosciusko found himself immured within the walls of a Russian dungeon.

American citizens, in the meantime, were engaged in sordid wealth, and while their country appeared the emporium of the wealth of every nation, they forgot the man who had bled for their liberties. Peace had enervated their energies, and jarring politics seemed to have usurped the place of patriotism.

A few noisy politicians were assembled, near the close of a chill November's day, in front of a village inn, to discuss the merits of two illustrious individuals who were candidates for the first office in the nation's gift; loud talk and vehement gesture proclaimed them warmly engaged, and an occasional burst of

laughter denoted when this or that party had exceeded the other in virulent abuse.

Their zeal had become much inflamed, when a man, well mounted, with something of a martial appearance, rode up to the little inn. He alighted, and slightly bowing to the group, entered the house. For a while the crowd suspended politics to view the noble animal that impatiently stood pawing at the post, and when he was removed by the hostler, their curiosity was excited respecting the rider. A huge scar that disfigured his features, plainly denoted him a warrior; but whether he was a revolutionary officer, or only a militia-man under St. Clair or Wayne, they thought a matter of doubt.

The stranger, in the meantime, was traversing, in thoughtful mood, the parlour of the little inn; and whilst a slight repast was preparing, he revolved in his mind past events, and strove to recall scenes that were half blotted from the page of memory.

He was roused from his meditations by a call to supper. He obeyed the summons, but thought not of eating; and after swallowing part of a dish of tea, inquired if Colonel Tudor was still living.

"He is not," was the reply of his landlady, who inquired if he had been an acquaintance.

"We were companions in the army," answered the stranger, in a disturbed voice. "Who occupies the house since his decease?"

"Major Ludlow, who married his daughter."

"She is married, then?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir," said his hostess, willing to gratify the curiosity of her guest and her own loquacious disposition at the same time. "She waited some time for a gentleman who was her sweetheart, but he died way off in Europe, in the Polish wars; and then Major Ludlow, who also loved her, came home, and though he was poor, he had the thanks of Congress, and was beside very handsome."

The stranger heard no more, but hurried from the house; he was hastening along the street, he knew not whither, when he met a venerable man bowed down with age; warmly he grasped his hand, and pressed it to his bosom.

The aged man gazed at him in surprise.

"Alas!" said he, "am I forgotten by all? Look at me well, and, dear Ludlow, tell me if any thing here remains of what was once Kosciusko?"

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the worthy priest, "are you that unfortunate man?"

"I am indeed; go with me to that town and I will at once remove your doubts."

"Tell me," said the pious man, when they were seated by the fire at the inn, "how have you borne your sufferings?"

"As a man, and a christian, I trust; but time has made sad ravages here. You are bent with years, and my worthy old friend is no more."

"Ah!" said the affectionate old man, "and in his last moments he did not forget you." A tear stole down his withered cheek as he said this, and Kosciusko could do no more than squeeze his aged hand.

"Come," he continued, "go home with me, I have a son who has often expressed a wish to see you, and Isabella is still there."

"That," replied Kosciusko, "compels me to remain. When the doors of my dungeon were opened, I no longer sought degraded Poland. I traversed Petersburg an unheeded stranger; and when I thought of my cold, my desolate prospect, I have half regretted my dungeon. America appeared my only asylum, and I hastened to leave the country that annihilated Poland. But even here I cannot overcome recollections that were dear to my heart; I shall soon leave America, to bury in some remote corner of the earth this frame, which, for twenty years, has been devoted to the cause of freedom—but my future home shall

be with liberty. I have now but one request to make: never reveal to Isabella this interview; let her not know that I hovered about her home, or breathed a prayer for her happiness."

The old man promised, and they parted for the night. The next morning he repaired to the tavern, but Kosciusko was gone!

MORTON.

THE REPOSITORY.

Parents have flinty hearts—no prayers can move them.

EDWARD AND JULIA.

In a retired, though beautifully interesting situation on the banks of Farmington river, is a small antique mansion, whose sharp roof, projecting window-caps, and other out-of-date ornaments, declare its erection to be of no recent date. The elms that surround it, and stretch their limbs above, have, for many a century, waved to the winter's winds, and a hundred summers have smiled on the habitation that stands beneath their foliage.

Its proprietor, William Selburn, was a man whose best days were worn out in the service of his country; whose vigorous constitution was broken down in endeavouring to procure her independence.

His father had marched with Wolfe to the siege of Quebec, and fell, with his gallant commander, in the arms of victory. The tears of the British nation bedewed the tomb of Wolfe—while none, but his bereaved family, bewailed the loss of the colonial captain.

His two sons were hardly old enough to be sensible of the misfortune they had sustained, though deeply did their mother mourn her loss. Her sorrow, however, did not make her neglect her children; they were carefully educated, and when his age would permit, Horace, the eldest, was placed under the protection of his uncle in New-York, and soon became an able assistant to his wealthy relation. William remained with his mother, and in all her troubles he bore a part.

The difficulties between the colonies and the parent state soon began to ferment, and had its influence on the youths, though in a different manner. Horace, living with his uncle, entered into his prejudices, and justified the proceedings of parliament; William denounced them as an aggression—said that the colonies were injured, and stood forth their advocate.

The blood at Lexington had scarce been spilled, when Horace appeared at his paternal home, and besought his mother and William to embark with him for England. He found them immovable, and more earnest in entreaties for him to remain with them, than he had been for their departure. But resolutely bent on going, he heard them not, and left them in displeasure. In a letter which he addressed to them from New-York, he expressed his dissatisfaction of the part they had taken; said that it was probably the last time he should write them, and that he was about leaving his rebellious country for ever.

William shortly after enlisted, and during the war ably discharged the duties he had undertaken.

When peace ensued, he cheerfully resigned his commission, and retire to the private, though honourable obscurity of an American farmer.

An interval of many years elapsed, and the American nation, blessed with every privilege that could contribute to render a people happy, had advanced with rapid strides to wealth, to grandeur, and to greatness.

It was near the close of summer, in the year 1816, that a youthful couple, upon a sultry day, strolled along a retired shaded road near Selburn-Farm. The youth was melancholy and dejected: the maid, though not cast down, had something of sorrow in her eye; and as they for a moment paused, a tear rolled upon her cheek—hastily she turned her head aside, and dashed it from its resting-place.

"Edward," said she, in a rich and mellow voice, "I know your worth, but your parents despise my poverty, and—and—let us part."

"I will not—will not think of it!" exclaimed the youth.

"But, your father's commands are—"

"My father is blinded by avarice—"

"And you by passion. No, Edward, obey the wishes of your parents—go, find another, better one, than me; think no more of the wretched Julia Selburn."

Indeed, in the beautiful face of the interesting girl, the full expressive eye, the noble, lofty forehead, you might trace the lineaments of the youthful heroine of 'seventy-six. A shade of sorrow had stolen over her features; the dimple from her polished cheek had fled, though beauty still lingered there.

She was an only child, and now an orphan. The youth by her side was Edward Olmstead; he held the first place in her heart; they were to have been married, but her father's death prevented their nuptials, and when it was understood he died a bankrupt, Edward was sorbid to wed a girl who had not wealth to recommend her.

Poor Julia mourned over the cause that separated them; but well she knew, since what had passed, that Edward could never be hers. He, on the contrary, despised the paltry considerations that actuated a parsimonious father, and had Julia consented, they would have been immediately united; but her high spirit would not permit her to enter the house of her lover against the wishes and positive commands of his parents, and they had that afternoon strayed away together to lament over their blighted hopes.

They walked on for a time in silence, and as they entered the high-road, a stranger approached them, mounted on a spirited horse. Their sudden appearance frightened the animal, who, after several times rearing and plunging, precipitated his rider to the earth. Alarmed, they hastened to his assistance, and raising him from the ground, insisted, though he declared himself uninjured, on his accompanying them home. Without much hesitation he acceded to their request. His injuries needed repose, and he willingly accepted an invitation from Julia of abiding at Selburn-Farm during his stay.

He was not long ignorant of the situation in which the poor orphan had been left; and when he questioned her with the freedom of age, the tearful eye of the unhappy girl imparted to the generous old man the sorrow that bleached her cheek. But he could give her little else than pity, and a wish that she might see better days. Yet, when he departed, he spoke of assistance unexpectedly received, and bid her confide in that God who never forsook the unfortunate.

The day now approached in which the Selburn estate was to pass into the hands of strangers, and Julia must leave for ever the home of her childhood.

There is a charm attached to our native home that neither time nor absence can destroy; it is the place where our most innocent and happy days have passed; it is there our thoughts in after-life delight to revel, and whatever crimes, whatever faults we may have committed, when youth has gone by, and manhood has come upon us, we can look back to that unsullied spot as the hallowed home of our innocence, and the place that beheld us without a crime.

Julia Selburn had her affections for the scenes of her youth; they could not be yielded up without a sigh—and when she bade the old mansion farewell for an offered asylum, she felt as if every joy on earth had fled. Often did she ponder on her fate so versatile—but a few months previous, the sun had dawned upon none so happy; a father's blessing, her Edward's love, and all the joys of fortune had then been hers. Her distressed mind dwelt upon this sad reverse in secret.

One day, while musing upon these griefs, some one gently seized her hand; she raised her eyes, and the stranger stood beside her. Her mind instantly reverted to the past, she remembered his parting, and the words of kindness that he gave her. Other associations came crowding upon her mind, and she could not refrain from weeping.

The old man gazed tenderly upon her, and wiped away a straggling tear that wandered down his withered cheek.

"Young lady," said he, "I have been so fortunate as to purchase the house so long your home, and I pray you to accept it from me as a small memento of a relative, who has too long and too unkindly neglected you. Nor think the scenes which you so dearly love, so highly prize, are without their charms for me; they are connected with the brightest hopes of my youth, for the days of my childhood were passed among them. You may sometimes have heard of me as an absent uncle—I am Horace Selburn."

With a view of passing the remainder of his days in a country he early abandoned, the old man came to America after an absence of more than thirty years, and accident placed him in his early home. Happiness came with him, for Julia shortly after became the cheerful bride of Edward Olmstead. MORTON.

THE CABINET.: ELEANOR.--A TALE OF TRUTH.

LOTHARIO
The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Mar 27, 1824; 1, 35;
American Periodicals
pg. 277

ant hopes of youth flourish for a day to droop into insignificance for ever, and the fond prospects formed in the overflowing of youthful imagination, arise only to pain us in the reality of cruel disappointment, is alas! a too melancholy truth.

I had a friend, a dear, long-tried friend—we had grown up to manhood together, had shared each childish amusement in our youthful days, and every thought, every vision of imagination, had been reciprocally cherished, and had shed an equal influence over us.

During the prevalence of a dreadful mortality in our native city, Edwin and myself took up our residence in the country. Continually engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, our daily rambles often afforded us some unlooked-for enjoyment, many of which charmed for a season, and others only for a moment; but never, never did we participate in them without also tasting the bitter of an unexpected and intrusive alloy.

Once, indeed, we thought the acme of human pleasure had been attained, but how sadly, how bitterly were we disappointed! Reader, if you have ever flattered yourself that the visions of youth would be realized in age, or if you have anticipated the future, and fancied yourself revelling in delight, when "the ceaseless stream of time" shall have silvered your hair, do not, oh, do not longer drink so deep of the pleasures of anticipation; for you will assuredly be disappointed. And if you believe not this, listen for a moment, and hear the sequel of my narration.

Edwin and myself had taken our fowling-pieces, and set out on a ramble; we walked far with little success; fatigued, and almost ready to sink under the influence of a meridian sun, we gladly sought the shelter of a neighbouring grove; but what was our astonishment, when on entering it, we perceived two lovely females, apparently not more than seventeen years of age, engaged in earnest conversation, and reclining on a tomb-stone, which, although much decayed by time, still retained traces of former splendour. We instantly determined to retreat, but in this we were prevented, for one of the ladies turning hastily round, perceived us gazing intently upon them. An apology was immediately made for our intrusion, and introducing ourselves, we begged permission to remain. They acceded to our request, and after spending some time together in the grove, we accompanied them to the house, a neat little cottage, which, being on the side of a hill, was hid from our view until we were nearly at the door. We were met then by Captain D. and his lady, the parents of these interesting girls, for whose proper names, we will for the present, substitute Ellen and Mary.

Our adventure was related, we were introduced, and politely received. We spent the remainder of the day with them, and, after a pressing invitation to return again, we took our leave, much pleased (indeed my friend was infatuated) with our adventure. Ellen was a beautiful girl, not quite seventeen; she was tall and remarkably slender, her hair—but I will not attempt her description, preferring to give it in the following beautiful lines:

Not always so, yet now and then we find
That outward shades and looks bespeak the mind,
And hers was such, the eye that on her dwelt
Could anger what she thought and what she felt;
So slender was her form, so light her foot,
That Echo, as she touched the earth, was mute;
Brisht—beautiful, the wreath of auburn hair
Stole on her brow, and veiled the lilies there;
Upon her silken cheek the crimson glow
Seemed like carnations blooming on the snow;
And pure her eye, as is the opening day
When peeps through snowy clouds the blue of May;
But yet its glance— * * * * *
Sectile above the maidens of her age,
She was not prone to trifles that engage
The giddy and unthinking—yet her face
Was like the sun-beam lighting every place.
And cheering every dwelling where she came;
So every tongue that knew her, blent her name,
And every eye that saw her hal'd the sight,
And every ear that heard her owned delight;

She was so simple, so devoid of art,
So sprightly in form, so pure in heart,
So mildly tender, and so gently sweet,
So chaste—the very dairy of her feet,
When wet with dew, could scarce an emblem be
Of so much loveliness and purity.

Such, indeed, was Ellen, and can you wonder, gentle reader, that she twined the airy chain of love around the heart of my friend?

Several days elapsed, and after repeated solicitations from Edwin, we again bent our way to the cottage. This visit completed the trammels in which Edwin had suffered himself to be entangled; the last link of the chain was riveted, and he found himself completely in love. The intimacy increased, and we were happy—I, in being his confidant, and he, enjoying the sweets of reciprocated attachment. But alas! our mutual happiness was here to be brought to a melancholy close. We had spent a delightful evening, and when on the eve of departing, Ellen approached to bid farewell to her Edwin, she informed him of her intention to visit the city on the following day. It was in vain he urged the danger; he talked lightly of it at first, but this availing nothing, he entreated her to remain—but all was in vain. In a fatal moment, the strength of her affection for a sick friend prevailed against the entreaties of her lover, and on the following day she took leave of him, her friends, and the beautiful cottage—for ever!

Having occasion to visit the city myself, I accompanied Ellen, and leaving her at the house of her friend, we parted. In the course of a few days, I accidentally met the gentleman at whose house I left her, and as he was a physician, I jocosely inquired after the health of my fair friend. Good God, who can describe my horror, when he informed me that he had just returned from her funeral! Stupified, and totally overpowered at this awful reply, I sunk under its influence—and when at length my incoherent demands upon him for the recital of his melancholy tale were acceded to, I learnt that Ellen was seized with the prevailing fever a few hours after her arrival in town, and in the short space of three days, was no more! Sick at heart, I returned to my lodgings; I sought repose, but it had forsaken me; the image of the lovely being who had been thus prematurely hurried to the grave, contrasted with scenes, which but a week before, I had seen her enjoying, in the exuberance of her youthful spirit, was continually before me, and nearly a week elapsed before I could sufficiently collect my thoughts to break the melancholy tidings to my friend. Would to God they had never been imparted to him—poor fellow, he too quickly followed the spirit of her he loved, to the regions of eternity—he pined away insensibly, and in a few short months, found a grave in which to bury the accumulated sorrows of his youth.—Peace to their manes!

She has passed from the regions of death and of night,
To bask in beams of ineffable light.

In him, I have lost that inestimable treasure, a friend, and the bright and joyful anticipations which crowded on my imagination as I looked forward to their happy union, were crushed, ere they had arrived at maturity.

LOTHARIO.

THE CABINET.

Our pleasures are born but to die,
They are linked to our hearts but to sever;
And, like stars shooting down a dark sky,
Shine liveliest when fading for ever.

ELEANOR.—A TALE OF TRUTH.

THAT the pleasures of this world are created but to vanish like the dreams of a disturbed fancy, the buoy-

THE REPOSITORY.: EMILY MORTIMER.

ELOISA
The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Apr 17, 1824; 1, 38;
American Periodicals
pg. 300

THE REPOSITORY.

EMILY MORTIMER.

It was a fine evening in June, when I arrived at the little village of M—, after an absence of near seven years, most of which time I had passed in New-York. The sun, slowly fading in the west, tinged the horizon with mingled gold and azure, and reflected on the spire of the little church, the last rays of its departing splendor. No sound was heard, save the shrill cry of the whip-poor-will, and the drowsy hum of various insects.

It was a Sabbath evening—all nature seemed hushed into that solemn stillness which seems peculiar to the day of rest.

M— was my native village. This was the spot where I had passed the playful hours of my childhood; the spot endeared to me by many a tender recollection. As I walked up the road, thousands of delightful images pressed upon my fancy. Every step recalling to my mind the friends of my infancy, the dear partakers of all my pleasures. Yonder stood the village school. Memory presented to my view the venerable form of him, long since deposited in the silent grave. — Of him who, in “awful majesty,” seated himself at the head of the little room, and ended at once the noisy laughter of the urchins placed around him. There was the green on which I had so often gamboled, and across which I had run with cap on head and satchel in my hand, trembling with fear of meeting the punishment of my inattention.

There, the little church raised its consecrated roof; beside it stood the parsonage, once my much-loved home. Its ruinous aspect, its deserted roof, spoke desolation to my heart; where was now the friends who had once dwelt there? My beloved parents slumbered, alas! to wake no more—My brother had gone to a far distant land, and my sister, whose innocent gaiety had endeared her to the hearts of all that knew her, had fallen a lamented victim to consumption.

Dr. Blake, the present rector, “could not endure the retirement of the country,” and the parsonage was therefore uninhabited.

Directly opposite to it stood a little cottage, almost hid from view by the trees that surrounded it. Here the villagers were assembling; the lawn was already filled; the noise of lamentation was heard from within. I paused to inquire the occasion.

“Ah, madam,” said the man I addressed, “it is Miss Emily’s funeral.”

“And who is Miss Emily?” said I.
“The daughter of Dr. Mortimer,” he answered. “Sad for us was the day she breathed her last. Heaven surely will inflict punishment on her murderer; for murderer he must be, who could, by deserting, break a heart that loved him. I inquired the particulars of this interesting story, and were, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:

Emily Mortimer was the eldest daughter of Dr. Charles Mortimer. She was the pride of the village.—Young, artless, ignorant of the wickedness of the world, she knew no evil herself, or suspected it in others. To a lively imagination, she united a deep sensibility, and a susceptible heart. A mind naturally endowed with strong powers of reasoning, and cultivated with the most tender assiduity; a bosom in which no thought was harboured which might not bear the investigation of the fastidious. Her form was graceful, and approaching to a *en bon-point*, but of the most perfect mould; her face Grecian, shaded by a redundancy of dark brown hair. Her blue eyes now sparkling with the fire of genius, now trembling with the tear of feeling. No cloud of discontent ever ruffled that calm and peaceful brow, and sweetness was enthroned on every feature.

While her brother was at college, he had contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman of one of the first families in the city. Henry had prevailed on his friend to accompany him home to spend the vacation, and offering as an inducement, the promise of an introduction to his sister. Ah, fatal intimacy—unfortunate visit. George beheld and admired the lovely Emily, and immediately formed the design of winning her affections. The warm-hearted girl received him with the most unsuspecting confidence. In her walks he was her constant companion. While engaged at her needle, he never left her side; he would read to her, or bring his flute, on which he excelled, and play her favourite airs, in which she would join with a voice whose soft melody might almost “create a soul under the rites of death.”

Thus past the time. Her parents observed the progress of affection, and delighted in the anticipation of so desirable a connexion for their beloved daughter. Another and another summer succeeded; the annual visit was regularly paid. At last he declared his love in the most glowing language, and sought the hand of Emily from her parents. He was accepted, and the day was fixed. Emily’s young heart expressed itself to her lover, and the soft and tremulous colouring of her cheek attested her sincerity. Within a month of the intended time, he left her under pretence of visiting his family, and promised to return in a day or two: the time past and he came not; another day brought with it another disappointment. A week passed and brought with it no account of the wanderer. At last a letter arrived; with what joy did Emily behold the well known hand; she flew to her room, there to indulge herself in the uninterrupted perusal of it. She opens and reads, in breathless anxiety. She cannot believe the evidence of her senses; she reads again. It was but too true. “Gracious heaven!” exclaimed she, and sunk lifeless on the floor. The letter was as follows:

“How shall I address you, my beloved Emily? how inform you of the failure of my dearest hopes? Painful as is the task, it must be executed. I have consulted my friends, and they refuse their consent to a union with her who alone can make existence dear. I am entirely too dependent on them to think of connecting myself without it. I must therefore submit to their will; you know, my dear girl, that the wishes of the Author of our being should be followed by us in all things. I trust, therefore, though I must with extreme reluctance resign all claim to your love, that your affectionate bosom will not forget one who still will think of you with every feeling of the tenderest friendship and esteem. Farewell, Emily! may you be happy in a union with one who knows and justly appreciates your value. Rest assured of the unalterable friendship of

GEORGE.”

When she awoke to consciousness, she found herself leaning on the bosom of her sister, who was weeping over her in agony. Again she closed her eyes with a scream, as if the light was hateful to her view; a flood of tears at last relieved her full heart. A violent fever succeeded, which brought her to the verge of the grave; in the paroxysm of delirium she raved incessantly of her lover; first upbraiding him, then addressing him in the most tender language. But youth, and a strong constitution overcame the disorder, and she slowly recovered. Yet the settled gloom of her mind no charm could dissipate. Her books she could not open; in them were passages traced by his hand. Her songs, in which he had so often joined her, sounded like discord to her ear. In her garden were flowers planted by him; she could not bear to gather them. Her parents hung over her in sorrow and despair; they saw every day some beauty passing away, and it was evident to all who beheld her, that ere another summer, the lovely mourner would be at

rest. At length news arrived of the marriage of her lover; this was the last barbed arrow in the quiver of fate; she sunk beneath it. This day her remains were carried to the tomb by the sorrowful crowd of villagers that I had observed standing on the lawn, and around the cottage. Her influence had been felt by all; there was not a dry eye in the village. When arrived at the church, the lamentations would have found their way to the most obdurate heart. The solemn dirges of the last farewell never sounded so solemn, or were sung with more true feeling. The village had lost its pride; its sweetest flower had faded. Alas, unfortunate Emily! thy charms and many virtues deserved a better fate. Approach, ye thoughtless ones, you who would exert all your power to gain the affections of a lovely and innocent being, you meaners of nothing, who address a woman merely to pass a vacant hour, then leave her to despair, and read here the story of an unfortunate attachment. What consolation can it be to the bosom you have wounded to say you meant nothing but innocent gallantry? Will it heal the wound? Alas, no. Though you may not, by a proposition, give her a right to complain of you, and yet show her those attentions which cannot be mentioned, but which find their way to the susceptible heart, are you not as guilty as if you were to kneel at her feet, and there declare your love? ELOISA.

THE REPOSITORY.

To bear the pains of disappointment well,
Restrain our passions, when they would rebel :
Perform our duty, leave the rest to heaven :
To be thus wise, & to be virtuous, live.

THE BROKEN VOW.

A VILLAGE TALE.

"But, let the world say what it will,
Though sorrows may awhile intrude,
Fair wisdom's voice is faithful still,
Still, to be next, is—to be good."

"He will not come to-night," said Emma, as she looked out of her chamber window on the still and depopulated streets, and saw the dark rain-clouds gathering in the sky ; " he will not come to-night—it is past his hour—ah, he did not use be so careful about the weather—but I will not indulge in disquietude—he has promised"—The word died upon her lips; she recollects the coldness—the tone of ambiguity, with which that promise had been repeated, when Theodore last visited her, and in a confused and embarrassed manner, though with much parade of his regret and disappointment, assured her it would be impossible for him to conform to his engagement, and marry her at the time appointed. She remembered, how her heart sunk within her at the moment, and the strange, mysterious presentiment that crossed her mind. That then, for the first time, she thought how bitter a thing must be disappointed love—for the first time felt the force of the remark, which she had so often heard,

"Men's vows are brittle things."

Still, the natural buoyancy of her spirits forbade her to despond. True, he had broken his first engagement, but he had represented to her the imperious necessity of the measure, and she had acquiesced in it. True, he had not fixed the more distant period; he had left the final hour indefinite, but she had his promise; she had his oath; she would not believe him unfaithful; she could not believe him perjured. At last, after an absence of a week, which seemed to her a year, he visited the house again; he once more mingled with the smiling family circle; he seemed the same he had always been, and she was happy. But he retired before the family; this cost her a night's rest; it was not his usual manner, and she wondered why, at this particular time, he should have so much more business than usual. Still, she endeavoured to put the most favourable construction upon every thing; she strove to acquit him in her heart.

But love has eagle eyes, and, from their piercing vigilance, duplicity must be coupled with most consummate art, if she would avoid detection. Emma was caressed by a large circle of acquaintance, and Theodore was also a favourite; in parties they frequently came together, and there, when the spirits are up, and all reserve thrown off, the heart unmasks itself. There Theodore often forgot his caution, and, not only abated his usual display of partiality for Emma, but lavished his fondness on another. The generous girl forgave him until forgiveness became a crime committed against her own heart. She resolved to lead a more secluded life, and in prosecuting her resolve, she soon found ample evidence of what she most feared. His visits grew less and less frequent, until, at length, they were discontinued altogether.

Woman-like, in the deepest of her sorrows she retired, as it were, within herself, and secure in the confidence that not even her nearest relatives or friends

knew any thing of her disappointment, she nursed her grief in secret, and put on a smile as sweet, if not as gay, before the world. But heroically as she played this new and deceptive part, her feelings gradually obtained the victory over her frame: she pined and pinched away, day after day; the paleness of departed health blanched her young cheek, and she roved in the stillness of the evening, among the tombs of her fathers in the church-yard, like a thin shadow of the past. None knew her grief, but he who was its cause; and he shuddered at the ruin he had made.

Her friends perceived with concern the rapid decay of her health, and as the family had some relative in Bermuda, they resolved to send her there. The voyage had a salutary effect; the change of scenes and circumstances; new friends and acquaintances, and the kindness she experienced in her new abode, dispelled much of the cherished gloom that pressed upon her heart, and added life to her almost inanimate frame. The glow of health gradually returned, and she shone in the maturity of her beauty, a star of no common lustre in the fashionable world of that delightful island. A year had not elapsed, before the hand of one of the wealthiest merchants in the island was offered her. He was all that the young maiden heart admires—generous, noble, and virtuous; and of years suited to her own. She accepted it, and became a happy wife.

Having left Philadelphia with the intention of returning, she now waited anxiously for the opportunity: but a variety of causes prevented it, year after year: a beautiful family of boys and girls grew around her: her husband was deeply engaged in an extensive and lucrative business, and twelve years passed by before she was able to accomplish her wishes, in all which time, she had never made an inquiry about, or once heard of her former lover. Now, Mr. Lefere retired from business, and proposed accompanying her, with their family, to America. They reached Philadelphia in safety, and walked up Walnut-street to the old family mansion. It remained unaltered; her father and her mother, the old servants, her former friends, who remained, all welcomed her to her ancient home. The shrubs she planted in the yard had grown up beautiful trees. Her name remained where she had engraved it, on the sash of her chamber, twelve years before, and she sat down by it—called back the recollections of by-past times, and wept, yet these were tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

Mr. Lefere took a fine establishment in Chestnut-street, and lived in splendid style. Emma used to ride out daily in an elegant carriage, with her infant family; and, as had long been her practice, she carefully sought out such objects of distress, as she deemed it would be charitable to relieve. One day, riding in the suburbs of the city, she saw a poor, half-clothed man, lying on the ground, and a tattered child crying bitterly by his side, to which he paid no attention. She directed the coachman to stop, and calling the man, inquired why he disregarded the child, and whose it was? "It is my own," said he, "I came out, hoping to get a place for it at yonder house, and could not; it is almost starved, and I have not the means to procure food for myself or it." She gave him a small sum, and directed him to call at her house the next day. He received it with tears, and promised compliance.

At the hour appointed, the poor man, with his helpless child, waited in the kitchen for the call of his benefactress. Mrs. Lefere sent for them into the breakfast room, as soon as the family had dispersed, and desired to know by what means he had brought himself to poverty and want. The man spoke out honestly. Intemperance, he said, was the great cause, but his troubles had driven him to that—"I once saw better days," said he, "I was a partner in a mercantile concern—I married—I was deceived—the mother of this poor child, after involving me in ruinous debts,

left me with a libertine, whose addresses she had long received ; I drowned my sorrows, and sunk my character in habits of vice and intoxication. I have been twice imprisoned for crime—I am destitute of friends and employment."

" And what is your name ? " asked Emma.

" Theodore W——," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. The kind lady turned pale, and trembled ; she gazed at him—she recognised in him the faithless Theodore.

" At last, then," said she, affecting to be calm, "*you have learned to keep your promises*—you called at the time appointed—I will provide a place for yourself and child."

" Ah," said he, " you know me. When you asked my name, I dared not tell you an untruth ; but I hoped it had been for ever blotted from your memory. I watched your fortunes—I rejoiced at your prosperity—I cursed my own folly, until I had exhausted all my powers. But broken vows come back to their author in the end, and mine has ruined me for ever."

He covered his face and wept. She left him, and having consulted with Mr. Lesere, procured him a situation in an honest occupation, and placed the child at school.

Thus was the maxim verified, " all is for the best to the innocent and the virtuous ;" and thus it is, that vice works out its own reward at last. **EMPOBICUM.**

The Cottage.

Sweet pliability of the affections, that takes the barb from the dart of misfortune, and shapes the mind to its allotment! "I have been master of a palace," said Honoriou, "and now my only habitation is a cottage. Troops of liveried slaves then obeyed my nod, and my sheep alone are now obedient to me. The splendid board is now exchanged for the fruits that the earth yields to my own labour; and the rarest juice of the vintage is succeeded by the simple beverage of the fountain.

"But am I less happy in this nook, where my ill fortune has placed me, than when I passed my laughing youth in the gaudy bowers of prosperity? If I am not soothed by flattery, I am not wounded by ingratitude. If I feel not the conscious pride of superior life, I am not the object of calumniating envy; and I am now too far removed in the shade, for scorn to point its finger at me. Tears I have none, and hope, there is the source of my consolation; there is the source of my joys, and the cure of my sorrows. They no longer rest on vain, idle, fallacious objects; on private friendship, or public justice. They have now a more durable foundation—they rest on heaven."

Extract of a letter from Bensore, (East India,) May 6, 1818.

Historical Fact.

"Since you tell me that you wish to hear about native customs and manners, I must mention a fellow who has been hung at Calcutta, and suffered for an offence, which I think never was heard of in Europe. He was an admirable swimmer and diver, and used to frequent the ghau's, and places where the women came to bathe in the river. He would make his way along under the surface of the water, till he got close among them, and then, seizing one of them by the legs, would drag her under the water, and drown her for the sake of her ornaments: for the women of this country always bathe in their valuable gems and pearls. Meanwhile, the newspapers teemed with horrible accounts of alligators carrying away bathers: and these monsters of the flood were talked of, and feared by all, and seen by none. At last, one day, a girl disengaged herself from his grasp, rose to the top of the water, and screamed out that it was no beast, but a man! He was then caught, and confessed that he had carried on the trade for seven years. Of the number of his victims, he had kept no reckoning."

THE CABINET.

I had a dream which was not all a dream,
The heavens were black above,
And all beneath was dark and gloomy :
The bust of the forest mourned, and nature herself was heard to sigh.

The Fair Maniac.

IT was an evening in autumn ; the oppressive heat of summer was beginning to be tempered with the cool breath of winter ; the trees of the forest were dropping their beautiful drapery with which nature had adorned them ; but like a young and delicate female, drooping under the withering touch of consumption, their "beauties seemed loveliest when fading for ever." The moon glided aloft in silent majesty, and seemed to smile, as she looked down upon a world of busy, bustling, mortals. Every thing favoured a calm and quiet contemplation, and I paused to admire the scene.

As I stood leaning against the trunk of a majestic oak, which had for ages withstood the fury of the tempest, and the more silent, though not less fatal, attacks of time, a mist came over my eyes, and the face of nature was changed. Spring, with all its attendant beauties, seemed to reign over the scene ; the sun shed his enlivening rays on all things here below ; flowers carpeted the earth, which seemed to bloom like the garden of Eden, and all was bright, gay, and happy. Such, thought I, is the season of early youth ; gaily and thoughtlessly do we pass along ; we think not of the days of sorrow and desolation, but are willing to say in our hearts, "to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."

Ah, cried I, how false, and yet how fair are all things founded on terrestrial objects.

While I thus mused upon the landscape before me, my attention was attracted to one of those whom men "call angel, when they sing, young lady, when they speak in prose :" and surely, thought I, there never alighted on the orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more lovely vision. She was, in the first dawning years of youth and beauty, the pride of her parents, the delight of all who knew her ; she seemed a being of another world, come hither to shine awhile, and then vanish for ever. She moved among her companions, "the centre of the glittering ring," and all, voluntarily, paid her that homage, which she seemed unconscious of deserving. Her path was strewed with flowers, and those too, of the gayest and brightest tints. A thousand would have started in anger to avenge even a look of insult.

Such was she when I looked upon her ; a change came over the scene, and over my soul. The sun no longer cast his bright and cheering rays upon the face of nature, but clouds and darkness veiled him from the sight of mortals. A withering blast had swept over all that was gay and flourishing, in the surrounding landscape, and the beauty thereof was gone. Every thing about me was cold and cheerless, and the very birds of the air seemed to weep.

Sad were my reflections at the sight of a change so dreadful, so instantaneous. But where, thought I, is she whom I lately saw so lovely, so enchanting ? Can it be that the pale and haggard face, this feeble and emaciated form, which I see before me, is all that remains of her, whom I but now beheld in all the pride of youth and beauty ? Where are those who formerly fluttered in her train, and thought themselves happy if they gained but a smile, nay, even a look ? All were gone, all had left her, and she was alone.

But whence came the change, the sad disastrous change ? The answer is easy. She had entrusted her honour, her reputation, her all, to the keeping of a villain, and what was she ? An outcast from society, the shame of her parents, the grief of her friends, the object of scorn and derision to all who had for-

merly envied and admired her. And was it even so ? Must she whose presence was once the life and ornament of the social circle, be avoided as a contamination, at the mention of whose name, modesty herself hides her head ?

I looked again. The heavens gathered blackness, the wintry wind whirled loud and mournfully among the leafless trees ; the storm approached, and seemed to threaten destruction to all who were exposed to its fury.

Alas ! thought I, who will protect, who will shelter this victim of seduction, the daughter of guilt and shame ? Where shall she direct her steps, with the assurance of sympathy and commiseration ? She has indeed fallen, never to rise again. She will perish unheeded and un lamented, and the beasts of the forest will trample on her grave.

While these thoughts were passing swiftly through my mind, I heard a loud and piercing shriek ; another shriek, and all was still, save a few faint and feeble groans, which were scarcely distinguishable from the howling tempest. I hastened to the place from which the sound appeared to proceed, and a few moments brought me where I beheld an object, that move to pity the stoutest heart. I beheld the image of despair, of frenzy, of desperation ; she stood with uplifted eyes, and clasped hands ; her hair streamed in the whistling wind ; her tattered garments gave additional wildness to her appearance, and all was but a wreck, a remnant of departed loveliness, of wasted beauty. She called on the name of her seducer ; she called on heaven, and she called on death. One moment she groaned in great anguish, and anon the horrid laugh of the maniac convulsed her features. She stood the victim of deceit the most soul, of treachery the most base, the monument of blasted hopes, of disappointed love, of ruined virtue : in short, she was one upon whom none but a fiend could look without execrating the name of a seducer.

I looked again, and again the scene was changed ; the mist had departed from my eyes, all around was clear, calm, and beautiful : but the piercing shriek of the maniac seemed still to vibrate on my ear, and to say, "beware of the seducer."

THE REPOSITORY.: The Funeral.

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Mar 20, 1824; 1, 34;
American Periodicals
pg. 268

measuring her footsteps with a dejection that made her still more lovely ; an angel mind seemed to give expression to an angel face ; she mourned incessantly, but her tears fell gently like a summer shower on a bed of roses. An older couple followed ; the hearty emblems of a well spent life ; furrowed with age, but not disease.

"Who are this couple?" thought I, following them to the church-yard. We were met by the curate, a tall thin man, in whose countenance gentleness and dignity were blended. All were silent, while he pronounced the last address to departed worth. The earth was thrown over, while some of the party, according to ancient custom, strewed the grave with flowers. Would that some atheist had been present at this moment ! What would he have thought of religion, had he seen with how much sweetness she resigns her children, in full confidence and hope of the love and mercy of heaven !

I inquired who it was that deserved these funeral honours. It was the humble Acasto.

"Farewell, then!" said I ; "for thou art blessed in the mediation of a Saviour, who will have little else to do than to present the scroll of thy virtues to the God of mercy, and place thee among the happiest of the happy, in a world of bliss."

THE REPOSITORY.

Shall we pine,
And be disheartened with a day of grief,
When the same hand that brought affliction on,
Retains its power, and can, with equal ease,
Remove it?

The Funeral.

It was an evening in the month of April : a still rain descended from the sky, and a light wind blew over the field. The church of Arrow appeared at a distance ; its spire, glittering with the reflection of the sun beams, half hid behind the clouds.

"How beautiful," said I, "is this picture ! and how sweetly does nature sometimes invite to contemplation."

All was calm and tranquil ; my bosom felt the principle of good asserting the Deity, and bestowing peace. I was wrapt in reflection, till I was disturbed by the distant sounds of a sweet and plaintive song. I turned about, and beheld, from the adjoining close, a party of men bearing a corpse, and singing a grateful hymn to the memory of their departed friend. The mourners followed ; a scattered few ; their garments blown out, and in disorder by the wind which had now raised. I observed no pageants nor achievements. They approached nearer. The chief mourner was a young man ; unaffected sorrow shed fast the tributary tears for a brother's loss ; but mild resignation and religion permitted no extravagance of grief. The next who followed, was a beautiful young woman,

THE HERMIT: OF THE ROCK.

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Nov 29, 1823; 1, 18;
American Periodicals
pg. 142

THE HERMIT

OF THE ROCK.

A very singular being, well known to the citizens of New-Haven and its vicinity, lately paid the debt of nature, at his dreary residence, on the East Rock. His name was Turner, and he had for a number of years lived in seclusion on the top of this rock, the ascent to which is both difficult and tedious. His residence was a cabin, built of earth and stone, with an aperture which served both as an entrance and a chimney. At the extremity of this cabin was his bed, composed of husks and boughs, where, on Sunday, the 2d inst. he was found dead. An inquest was held on the body, whose verdict was, that he died by the visitation of God. His person was covered with rags, and in that part of them which served as his trowsers, there was found, strongly sewed in triple folds, upwards of forty dollars in silver ; which seems to show that, though he had renounced the world, the love of gain was still inherent. The only companions of his retirement were two or three sheep, which he fed with care, and they enjoyed all his tenderness. He was extremely taciturn in his manner—communicated little to inquirers, and was both ignorant and repulsive. In winter he appeared frequently at the doors of the citizens, with a basket ; asked for nothing, spoke little, but whatever was given him he took away quietly. The only food found in his tenement, was two or three birds, picked for cooking, and a few potatoes. We believe he was a native of some of the neighbouring towns ; but of his early life, or the motives which led him to seek such an uncomfortable asylum from the vanities of life, we have no knowledge.

THE LOVERS.

*The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Jan 3, 1824; 1, 23;
American Periodicals
pg. 181*

THE LOVERS.

To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of men and eke of woman—to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the lovers of the plants—but it is certainly as interesting. I have therefore derived much pleasure since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest—while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a youthful lover is apt to complete so beauteous a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure, and bright blue shade. The cuckoo, that harbinger of spring, was faintly heard from a distance—the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butterflies sported and toyed and coquetted in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet smile upon her lips; while in the hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever change, or that young people should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.

THE COTTAGER.

The wealth of the cottage is love.

The Married Man.

Devoting all to love, each wins to each a dearer self.

As I was passing a short time since, through the village of C——, I thought of my old friend and classmate Orlando, and determined to call and see him. I was musing upon the days of our youth, which we had passed together, with hearts so light, and souls so full of glee; halcyon days which had passed away, and left me almost wearied of life, and all its dull realities, when I found myself within a few steps of his residence.

Orlando has been married five or six years, and as I approached his rural dwelling, I beheld a beautiful little girl, about four years old, playing on a lawn in front of it; I soon perceived in the bright and laughing eye, which met my gaze as I inquired for my friend, her strong resemblance to him; she flew before me with the lightness and grace of a sylph, and unceremoniously brought me into the presence of her parents. For a moment I was unobserved; for the attention of both was fixed on a lovely boy, scarcely a year old, who had just left the supporting hand of his father, and tottering towards the extended arms of his mother, was quickly folded in her maternal embrace, while a glow of the purest pleasure suffused her animated countenance.

I received from them both, that cordial welcome which is so grateful to the feelings. I was delighted with the air of neatness and simplicity, which I observed throughout their dwelling; no costly furniture surrounded them, but the room in which we were seated, was tastefully decorated with flowers, from their own garden. Her dress was simple in the extreme, "veiled in a robe of purest white." I then felt indeed, that "loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament," for she had none but such as nature gave; her luxuriant auburn tresses required nothing to adorn them, and she wore no "brighter diamonds than her eyes" could furnish, nor "deeper rubies than her lips composed."

I was charmed with her lively and engaging conversation, the elegance and refinement of which convinced me that in her close attention to maternal duties, she had not neglected the cultivation of her mind.

My friend had, it is true, lost some of the careless gaiety of youth, in the affectionate solicitude of husband and father.

"To his polished brow, a cast of thought had been lent;" but O, when he spoke to me of his lovely little family, what a sunshine of happiness beamed from his eyes. He led me over the smiling fields which were spread around his dwelling, and pointed out to me from little eminences, the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

The happy couple appeared to live in Arcadian simplicity, enjoying all the calm pleasures of a rural life. I left them with regret, wishing that I was like Orlando, a "married man," and returned home to mourn over the solitary lot of an OLD BACHELOR.

THE CABINET.: THE RECONCILIATION.

Edgar
The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Jan 31, 1824; 1, 27;
American Periodicals
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THE CABINET.

THE RECONCILIATION.

It was on the border of a pleasant stream, that I wandered to enjoy a calm and serene evening, which was rendered peculiarly interesting when the full moon rose in all its splendour, and cast a pleasing light over the surrounding objects: not a breath of air ruffled the stream, not a murmur was heard, but the gentle gliding of the water which passed by unheeded and unregarded, save the hoarse voice of the lonely inhabitant of the woods, who frequently disturbed the stillness of night by his piercing cries.— Nature was clad in her sable vesture; and the peaceful inhabitants, fatigued with the toils and bustle of the day, were quietly wrapped in the arms of refreshing slumber; the sound of the hammer was hushed, and the clang of the anvil died upon the ear; nature herself appeared exhausted with the fatigues of the day, for the weeping willow hung as if it were lifeless.

Here, while musing and meditating upon the goodness of the All-wise Being, whose footstool we inhabit—my attention was suddenly arrested by the approach of a venerable and aged man; one whose locks bespoke that many years had rolled over his head, and evident signs of sorrow were depicted in his furrowed cheeks. The wintry locks of age hung in graceful ringlets over his manly brow, and as the strong and majestic oak shivers before the blasts of winter, so did his once proud and commanding person bend under the infirmities of old age; the day-star of his existence was evidently far spent, and the dim twilight of his pilgrimage rapidly mingling with the darkness of death; the earth was opening but to close upon him for ever; and like the flower of the field, ripe in its season, so was the appearance of this venerable stranger.

As he approached, leaning upon a slender staff, tears rolled from his hollow eye and bedewed his bosom. I arose at his approach, to pay him that attention which age calls for from the young; he hastily embraced me, and taking my hand, he placed it in his, at the same time eyeing me with great keenness, he thus spoke:

"Young man, thy appearance indicates sorrow and distress. Beneath this stone lies the remains of a tender and affectionate wife, whom death has removed, and left me exposed to the wide and unfeeling world, to be tossed and buffeted upon the ocean of uncertainty and affliction, without a chart to guide from the shoals and quicksands which on every hand surround us." "But," he added, "I have a daughter, the delight of my declining years, the joy of my bosom, and the only soother of a multitude of cares."

Here the tears of the venerable man forbade his utterance; but again composing himself, he proceeded:

"My time in this world is drawing to a close; the lamp of life is just extinguished, and the cold hand of death is already upon me, ready to strike the mental blow; the green sod must soon cover the unfortunate Leonardi, and his spirit shortly mingle with those who have gone before him, far from the sound of every thing that could once disturb and distress him; he shall quietly slumber; the balmy tears of memory will never moisten his grave; the rose shall wither and die upon its surface, and the wild beast of the forest trample upon his remains; no fragrant flower shall be gathered from his grave, and no green cypress cast a shadow over the place of his retreat; unknown and unremembered his ashes shall mingle and slumber with their mother earth. But my daughter, the only comfort this side the grave, what is to become of her when I am no more? will the cold blasts of winter be suffered to light upon her? will no helping hand be stretched out for her deliverance? or will she be suffered to pine and linger away her precious life, without one smile of hope, or one tender tear shed over her grave? will no friendly hand close her eyes in the last struggle, or lisp a long farewell over the tomb of departed excellence? Methinks I hear a voice exclaim, 'Youth, beauty, and worth, shall not wither and die in the spring-time of life; neither shall the bud of female goodness be blasted by the biting frost of adversity; the sun of prosperity shall rise upon its opening, and the refreshing dews of heaven descend to nourish and support the drooping plant.' To you, then, I consign my child; take her to your bosom; live with her in peace and harmony, and cause this, my last, to be my best gift."

With the flush of confusion I embraced the old man, and watered his silver locks with tears of joy.

He led me to his humble cottage, surrounded by verdure, and ushered me into the parlour, where was seated his amiable daughter. For a moment I was confounded, as if my eyes deceived me, for O heavens, I beheld in this picture of innocence, my long lost Adelaide! Judge of my surprise, when, with tremulous emotion, she addressed me thus:

"Behold in me the person you once loved, but now unworthy Adelaide. See before you a humble penitent praying for reconciliation and forgiveness."

She fell upon her knees, and catching my trembling hand, pressed it to her beating bosom, and casting an eye of tender compassion, sunk upon the floor.

I raised her, and clasping her in my arms, thus spoke:

"Yes, I forgive all thy faults, all thy unkind treatment towards me; memory shall no longer linger over the transactions of our past life; the mantle of forgetfulness shall cover the scenes of our youth, and the sepulchre close and ingulph within its bosom the years of our childhood."

"Love may sink by close decay,
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away."

Suffice it to say we were reconciled—we were happy. From thenceforth our time was spent in the company of each other; and Hymen shortly joined our hands and hearts in holy wedlock.

The venerable father lived to see his daughter well settled, and died in a good old age, in full confidence of a glorious immortality.

EDGAR.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

Edgar

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THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

The dull and heavy strokes of the village church-bell, announced the death of a departed friend, as the slow and mournful procession bent their steps towards the mansions of those, who had long since slept with their fathers. A tender parent, with a train of weeping children, followed the corpse of their deceased relative. The villagers flocked in silence to see consigned to the solemn tomb, the remains of her they once loved, whose heart once beat with the fondest emotions of charity, and whose hand was ever open to the relief of the distressed. The loud and soul-rending sobs of a stranger, attracted the attention of the crowd, as he wept over the corpse of his beloved Cecilia, who, but within a few days, was to have bowed with him at the hymenial altar, and, at its base, to have tied the gordian knot ; but, alas, stern death had snapped the cords of her existence, and hurried from time to eternity, all he held near and dear in life. The garments of joy were exchanged for the sable weeds of woe, and the pomp of bridal expectation, for the dark hearse and gloomy bier. The grave yawned to receive its victim, and as the coffin was gently lowered to the earth, the minister exclaimed, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." By degrees the mournful groupe returned to their respective dwellings, with hearts sad at the recollection of the scene, and eyes dim with weeping over the remains of the deceased. The youth continued lingering near the spot of her repose, and watering her grave with tears of deep, heartfelt agony, until the heavy dews of the evening, tinged his locks and garments with a silvery whiteness, and prudence dictated his departure ; but, alas, never again was that smile, which once cheered and animated his companions, known to shed its enlivening ray on those around him ; never again did his countenance bear that lively and pleasing aspect which it once was wont to do, but sad disease took possession of his frame, and death soon relieved him of his burthen. By the side of his Cecilia he now sleeps, and one common stone now marks the place of their deposite. The weeping willow casts a shade over the spot of their retreat, and the flowers of the villagers decorate their graves, which, watered by the dews of heaven, grow and flourish with every returning season.

EDGAR.

THE COTTAGE.

"Where virtue, peace, and calm contentment - well."

THE WEDDING.

"Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;
And let the half uncurtained window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale."

THE sun was just tipping the distant mountains, and sending abroad his bright light over the wide extended landscape, and giving a brilliancy to the high hung horizon, which was without a cloud, save one that was piled along in the southern sky, and appeared to be rising up, in dark forebodings, into the mellow bosom of the heavens. It was on such a morning as this, in bleak December, that I commenced my journey from Albany, for the village of Mid-Gotham. It was a cheerless journey—there was none of the gay beauties of spring, or the charms of summer, or the rich grandeur of autumn. Nothing lovely to please the eye, or sweet to enchain the fancy ; yet there was a look of comfort in the view of a large cheerful fire, that blazed bright upon the hearth, and shone through the window of the way-side cottage. I experienced a feeling of pity for the faithful watch-dog, who announced, by a loud barking, my approach, and then shrunk back to the door, and sat scratching and shivering for admittance. There was something too of poetic feelings in the view of distant cottages, and their neat, comfortable appearance ; and occasionally I could catch a glance of the skater, gliding swiftly over the glassy surface of the lovely Hudson.

There is a charm that retrospection gives to the home of our youth, and a spell that binds us to the scenes of our native village, and when journeying towards it, after the lapse of years, fancy carries us back to the companions of our school-day hours, still brings them in all the buoyancy of youth around us, and in the fervency of the moment, we fondly expect to find them as young and beautiful as imagination paints them; still expect to behold the noble willow that hung over our early cottage, and afforded a cooling shade in sultry summer, and through whose leafless branches the wintry winds sung in plaintive sweetness, as we sat secure by the fireside within.

The heavy night clouds were gathering around; the farmer boy was yet lingering about the barracks, making all secure from the ravages of the boding storm, and the lights were already twinkling in the distant farm houses, as I turned up the lane that led to the village cottage. With every view was connected some of the scenes of my childhood; and the bright associations of anticipated pleasures, on visiting my native village, and mingling in the society of my youth, crowded around me, and stole like magic over the mind.

The warm embrace of friendship was exchanged, and I was introduced to a large cheerful company, who had convened together to celebrate the marriage of the daughter of my friend. Hannah was the brightest star that shone in the splendid galaxy there assembled; she was a sweet girl, just blooming eighteen—so mild, so modest, so graceful when she moved, and so enchanting when she spoke, that it was no wonder she was called the pride of the village; and the cottage in which she dwelt, in honour of her, was termed the village cottage.

Of him who was to be the bridegroom, little was known. His residence within the village had been short; the character he sustained had always been good. His name was Samuel Y——. There was to the eye of a spectator something prepossessing in the first view of his countenance. Apparently an extensive acquaintance with men and society; a pleasing address, added to an engaging manner of conversation, rendered his company pleasant. Yet over the lineaments of a fine face, and the sparklings of a keen dark eye, was a tinge of care that formed a problem too deep for physiognomists to comprehend.

Such was the person whom Hannah was to call by the endearing ties of husband and protector, and her young innocent heart beat with pleasure at the sweet anticipations of a happy life, and sunny days of marriage. The clock had told the hour of eight, and the minute-hand slowly lingered over the marks, as the anxious eye turned from the face, and dwelt upon the high blazing fire that burnt upon the hearth, and then fearful apprehensions would arise, as they listened to the whistlings of the keen wind, as it drove along the snow, high up in banks about the cottage, and pattered against the window in mournful music.

Every eye glistened as the parson entered, and every anxious thought was banished; a deep blush suffused the face of Hannah, but the buoyancy of her feelings soon placed a sweet smile upon her countenance. Upon such occasions, the volatility of the company, the life and animation that is spread through every circle, operates as a charm upon the youthful mind; and I must confess, that I almost forgot, as I gazed upon the scene, spread out with all the fancy, the feeling, the fervency of youth before me, my age; and for the moment I was tempted to lay aside my gray hairs, and participate in the innocent amusement.

The party had risen, and the ceremony commenced, when two strange women entered, who were apparently fatigued, and wet, and cold. Their cloaks were taken, and a seat placed near the fire for them, and the parson proceeded. It was such a scene as I could have

dwell upon, and felt young for ever, to see Hannah, so pure, so sweet, standing by the side of one, and willing, in the presence of the assembled company, and an All Seeing Eye, to promise to be his for ever; and yet with a modesty so becoming, and with an artless grace that was all innocence, that threw an irresistible charm around, and forced me to forget all but the enjoyment of the scene. I could not but observe and follow the eye of the bridegroom, as it appeared to be irresistibly drawn towards the strange women, and then fell trembling on the floor. Scarcely had the words "you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife" been spoken by the parson, when the exclamation "he is already married," rung in my ears, and all eyes were turned upon the speakers, who were the two strange women, who had risen, and taken each other by the hand, "he is already married, as we can both attest," they again repeated. Immediately an attempt to escape was made by Samuel, but he was seized and taken to jail, and there convicted of bigamy; and died in the state prison, before his term expired. It appeared the strangers, whom he had married at different times, hearing of his intended marriage, had determined to prevent it. The party dispersed; Hannah to her weeping pillow, and the rest to their respective homes.

It is many years since the circumstance, from which the above is rudely sketched, transpired. It is, however, a circumstance that should not be forgotten; and there is sometimes now cases where marriages are imprudently contracted, from slight acquaintances, and which being prematurely formed, are not placed on that broad basis which should be studied by all—the knowledge of each other's foibles, and the disposition to overlook them.

The leaves were strewed upon the ground by the frosts of November; the little brook ran tinkling by the door, and meandered through the meadow; the prospect had a characteristic neatness about it, and to cap the scene, I saw Hannah leaning upon the arm of an adoring husband, and one who was worthy of her, walking slowly up the lane; and as I gazed upon them, it brought forcibly to my mind the incident that had occurred long before, at the same habitation, the village cottage.

EGBERT.